

Laments of a Turkey.  
Wingless biped! call you living things  
To kill and roast my unoffending race,  
And carve each joint, and play fantastic  
pranks,  
And o'er my dead body drone out—grace!  
(Germansizers who obey the will  
Of Chester Arthur and his man, Cornell—  
Carverous wretches who try to fill  
I scorn them more than voice of nino can tell  
Bury my carcass 'neath your ample vest  
Till each could lead an aldermanic van—  
It grieves my gizzard, gives my heart unrest  
To know that I must help to make the man  
To help to make the blood and bone and mind  
Of mortals strutting in their power and pride,  
Of so-called statesmen and of woman-kind—  
Base, strong assassins of the turkey tribe!

If I shall live, and who knows but I may,  
In some fair, future, happy Turkey-land,  
I'll pick a bone with thee—what I say—  
Ye gluttons of the all-devouring band!  
My heart grows faint, my courage oozes out,  
The corn within my craw now turns to gall,  
I see the gun, I hear the glutton's shout,  
The range, alas! my coffin and my shroud.

#### BEHIND THE BIG CHIMNEY.

It was Thanksgiving forenoon, and  
can it be? Yes, it was thirty years ago!  
Lon Hempstead and I had visited the  
pantry to see the pies which had been  
baked the day before in the big stone  
oven.

"There's mince, apple, and pump-  
kin!" said Lou, in a voice full of relish.  
"And two little turnovers!" I ex-  
claimed, quite sure in my own mind  
who would eat them.

Then we came back in time to watch  
grandmother as she turned the turkey  
before the fire. The fireplace was built  
of great stone, and was so deep and  
broad that many a time I had sat in  
one corner of it on a little stool, watch-  
ing the logs burn and crumble into  
coals. But this day the fire was too big  
and hot, and the long crane held three  
or four iron pots, all bubbling and  
steaming, ready to cook the vegetables  
for dinner. There was a large tin  
"baker" before the fire, and in that lay  
the turkey in a pan, slowly browning,  
and smelling so good, we little girls  
thought.

Father and mother had gone to meet-  
ing to hear the Thanksgiving sermon,  
and Aunt Ann was busy setting the  
table in the "keeping-room." Lou and I  
stood by the fire till our cheeks grew  
too red and hot to bear it any longer,  
and then we ran off to play. There  
was a tall chest of drawers in the keep-  
ing-room, and in it was one little square  
drawer which had lost its brass handle.  
This had a fascination for us because it  
was hard to open, and because it held  
odds and ends. After several trials we  
got it open, and rummaged among the  
button and spoons and things, till we  
came across a wooden ball, carved with  
a jack-knife and inside it a second ball  
party done.

"Oh, how pretty!" I cried. "May I  
have it Aunt Ann?"

She looked at the ball and shook her  
head.

"Put it back, Maidee," she said.  
"Your grand ma thinks all the world of  
that. Giles began it before he went to  
sea."

I could remember my Uncle Giles, a  
tall, strong boy of seventeen when he  
went to sea. That was more than two  
years before, and they had not heard  
from him for a year. I knew grand-  
mother felt anxious about him, and that  
tears came into her eyes when he was  
mentioned, but I was a thoughtless  
child, and had not taken it to heart my-  
self.

"When he comes home he can make  
another," I said.

"I'd put it right back, Maidee," said  
Aunt Ann, as she turned away to get  
out the best spoons.

But I thought I would play with it a  
little while first, and I kept it in my  
hand when we shut the drawer.

Then Lou and I went up garret to find  
the kittens. There they were, lit-  
tle heaps of fur, asleep in the dusty sun-  
shine. We roused them up for a frolic,  
and made them beg and hold out their  
paws. Then we wanted something they  
could roll about, and I put the little  
carved wooden ball down on the floor,  
only meaning to leave it there a minute  
till Lou got a spoon out of her pocket.

But the kittens were so full of play,  
they sprang at it as quick as a flash,  
and rolled it along the floor towards the  
board partition. I ran after them, and  
caught them both, but I could not find  
the ball.

"It's gone through that hole in the  
boards," said Lou, when we had searched  
behind boxes and barrels in vain.

"Let's go around and get it," I re-  
plied.

The board partition separated the  
east garret from the great dark space  
which was nearly all occupied by the  
chimney, built of huge rough stones,  
whose foundation rested on the solid  
earth, far below, but which, though  
lessening in size towards the top, was  
still so large there by the garret stairs  
that it seemed like a stone tower.

On either side, between the chimney and  
the garret partitions, was a dark, nar-  
row, cavernous space, where the pro-  
jecting stones made a foothold, and  
where broken chairs had been stowed  
away, making a sort of barricade. The  
darkness was almost blackness as we  
looked in from the top of the stairs.

"Your Aunt Ann will scold if you  
lose that ball," said Lou Hempstead.

"You don't know. She isn't your  
aunt; you're only third cousin!" I re-  
plied, on the defensive, but secretly un-  
easy.

I peered into the dark opening until  
my eyes became used to the gloom, and  
I could see, past the broken chairs, two  
or three pieces of board peering on the  
stones, and at the very farthest part al-  
most was something that might be the  
ball.

"I see it! I'm going in after it!" I ex-  
claimed.

"Don't you do it! You'll get killed!"  
said Lou.

But I pushed in by the chairs and  
reached the first board safely. There I  
stood, leaning against the chimney, till  
I could see better, and then I peered  
along the top board. Yes, that surely  
was the wooden carved ball al-  
most at the end, half under a cobweb.  
I took a step or two farther, and set  
my foot on the second board. Then I  
looked on and down into what seemed  
an abyss of blackness, but far below  
was a little gleam of light. For an in-  
stant I stood wondering what it could  
be, and then I took another step, reach-  
ing my hand to grasp the ball.

The board tilted under my foot. I  
felt myself slipping into the horror of  
darkness! I heard Lou scream, and I  
clutched despairingly at the rough stone  
beside me. In that way I steadied my-

self, and then I shut my eyes till I got  
confidence enough to step cautiously  
backward and recover my footing on the  
first plank. It was such a relief  
when I felt Lou Hempstead catch hold  
of my dress behind.

"I'll hold on and pull, Maidee!" she  
said, in a terror-stricken voice; but by  
that time it was easy work to crawl past  
the chairs back to the stair-top again.  
"But the ball is lost forever now!" I  
said, ruefully, for even as I slipped, I  
had heard it bound off among the  
stones.

"Never mind," said Lou, comfort-  
ingly.

"But I do mind," I replied, "for I  
shall have to tell grandmother, and that  
will make her think about Uncle Giles,  
and she'll cry. Anyway, though, I  
won't tell her till after dinner," I ad-  
ded.

Lou smoothed my dress and hair, and  
then we went down stairs. Nobody  
had missed us, and Aunt Ann was just  
setting the chairs around the table.

"Dinner's about ready to take up,  
girls," she said, "and, Maidee, there's  
your father and mother coming now."

The chicken-pie, the biscuits and but-  
ter and jelly, were already on the table,  
and we ran to the kitchen to see Aunt  
Ann take up the turkey and grandmoth-  
er dish the vegetables.

"The turnips are mashed and the on-  
ions are seasoned," said grandmother.  
"I'm just going to take up the potatoes.  
For mercy's sake, Ann! what's this?"  
"I don't know," said Aunt Ann; "it  
isn't a potato!"

We pressed closer.

"Oh! oh! it's the wooden ball!" I  
cried. "It's the wooden ball! I lost it  
down behind the chimney, and it fell in  
the potato-pot!"

I looked up and there was a little  
open space where the chimney stones  
above projected unevenly against the  
boards of the kitchen wall. And that  
was where the light had crept through.  
Grandmother said afterwards that she  
left the lid off the potatoes just a mo-  
ment while she went to the dresser to  
get some salt to throw in, so they would  
boil white. And that must have just as  
the ball fell.

But at the time of the discovery, all  
she said was, "Giles' ball! Poor boy!  
where is he now?" in a trembling voice.

I was sure she was going to cry, and  
I felt so bad I ran out past mother, who  
was taking her bonnet off, through the  
door and down to the gate. And I leaped  
against it and cried myself, for what  
with the terror and excitement and re-  
action of the whole thing, I was all un-  
nerved. I did not hear a quick step  
that came up the road, nor see the tall  
young man in blue who approached me,  
till I felt his hand on my shoulder, and  
looked up to meet his bright eyes shin-  
ing down upon my tearful ones.

"Aren't you my little niece?" he asked,  
gaily.

"O Uncle Giles! I knew you wasn't  
drowned!" I exclaimed; and then he  
lifted me on his shoulder and took me  
to the house in triumph.

Then my dear, precious grandmoth-  
er had no need to shed any more tears,  
except for pure happiness, and the day  
was a day of thanksgiving indeed.—  
*Mary L. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Com-  
panion.*

#### GLEANNINGS.

A boy of 9 years at Searcy, Ark., has  
grown a heavy beard and mustache.

Music was considered by Dr. John-  
son to be the least objectionable of all  
noises.

When a doctor can't think of anything  
else to prescribe he falls back on "absol-  
ute rest."

They now have boots and shoes which  
are self-ventilating and save ten per  
cent in fuel.

During the past season, in Erath Co.,  
Texas, three thrashing-machines thrash-  
ed 300,000 bushels of wheat.

Between July 1, and Oct. 19, 3,753  
bales of hops were shipped from the  
Cooperstown (N. Y.) depot.

General Chamberlain and several  
other veterans of the 20th Maine volun-  
teers have been selecting a suitable spot  
for a regimental monument at Gettys-  
burg.

It is estimated that Virginia will this  
year make 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts,  
Tennessee 500,000 bushels, and North  
Carolina 125,000 bushels.

A business firm has adopted the Latin  
motto, "Frigidus dies est quum sum-  
mus sinistrum." A very free interpre-  
tation makes it "It's a cold day when  
we get left."

It is said that there are 375 naphtha  
wells on the Apsheron peninsula of the  
Caspian Sea and that they yield annually  
9,600,000 cwt.

The German Government has adopted  
a new regulation on its lines of railway.  
In future the carriage will be painted of  
the same color as the tickets of the dif-  
ferent classes—first, yellow; second,  
green; third, white.

A Montana wife recently sued for di-  
vorce on the ground that her husband  
made a practice of kissing the hired girl.  
The action was dismissed by the judge,  
who held that the kissing was justifi-  
able because of the wife's extreme home-  
liness.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley has begun  
making improvements on the Greeley  
swamp at Chappaqua, and has given a  
plot of ground to the Episcopal so-  
ciety of that village on which to erect a  
chapel.

A book has just been issued in Ver-  
mont entitled "The Resurrection of  
Christ from a Lawyer's Standpoint." It  
is an investigation conducted according  
to the laws of evidence, and it ends with  
a full acceptance of the resurrection of  
Christ as a historical fact.

You will not annex us with bayonets,  
you will annex us with the dollar," was  
the prophetic observation of an intel-  
ligent Mexican gentleman to an Ameri-  
can newspaper correspondent recently.  
The prophecy will be unerringly fulfilled  
within the next thirty or forty years.

Burlington, Vt., stands a good chance  
of getting a large factory for making  
paper from wood pulp. The concern,  
with a \$250,000 capital, proposes to put  
up buildings costing, with machinery,  
\$150,000, and Burlington is asked to  
give \$20,000 worth of help.

An Italian named Conte is said to  
have invented an artificial graphite of  
great purity. It is of the same density  
throughout, of a crystalline black, and

with a magnetic lustre. It is very ad-  
vantageous for electric lamps. No descrip-  
tion is given of the process by which it is  
made.

Professor H. J. Rice, of the Michi-  
gan Military Academy, is trying to  
propagate oysters artificially, and hopes  
to make these bivalves the cheapest ar-  
ticle of food. A single oyster deposits  
8,000,000 to 20,000,000 eggs, but ordi-  
narily only 50 per cent. of these are pro-  
ductive.

The McAllister gun, invented and  
patented by Dr. A. H. McAllister, of  
Union county, Mississippi, has twenty-  
four rifle barrels and discharges five  
hundred cartridges in a minute, greatly  
exceeding the Gatling gun in execution  
and reliability. The entire work of con-  
struction was done at the blacksmith  
shop on his plantation by Dr. McAllis-  
ter and a machinist of his own neigh-  
borhood.

Says the San Francisco Post: "A  
young lady created considerable com-  
ment by appearing at a Los Angeles  
fancy ball recently in the character of a  
"raw oyster." Her costume was a  
sprinkle of red pepper, and she carried  
a cracker in one hand and half a lime in  
the other. Well may the anxious moral-  
ist ask: "Whither are we drifting?"

"This is your brother," said a St.  
Louis hotel clerk to one of the guests,  
at the same time presenting another guest.  
Recognition was mutual, though thirty-  
five years had elapsed since their last  
meeting. Moses Hilliard, of Texas, was  
one brother; Fred. Hilliard, of Califor-  
nia, was the other. They had both  
prospered.

Victor Hugo once stopped in the  
streets of Paris and wrote upon a plac-  
ard hanging upon a blind beggar's neck  
a verse of such touching beauty and  
sympathy that it drew from the bystand-  
ers a shower of small coin such as the  
beggar had never before known.

Mrs. Copley broke her right leg in  
two places at Salt Lake City recently.—  
The lady's residence is some distance  
out of town, but she has three married  
daughters in Salt Lake, and she was  
conveyed to their homes, but no one of  
the ungrateful children would receive  
her, and she was compelled to seek shel-  
ter in the house of a stranger.

A young man of Kenton County, Ken-  
tucky, has applied for a patent for a de-  
vice to telegraph a train, running at the  
highest rate of speed, at any point on  
the road. He is also at work on a safe  
lock, to be operated by electricity, and  
which will require no key hole in the  
door. A burglar could by no possibi-  
lity open the safe by operating on the  
lock.

Mr. Oscar Wilde seems to have had  
more than one string to his bow when  
he determined to visit America; for be-  
sides his lecture, or lectures, on aesthet-  
ics, he brought with him a volume of  
manuscript verses by a young friend of  
his named Rodd. Mr. Rodd Rodd. The  
verses are said to denote on the part of  
Mr. Rodd a softness of intellect as marked  
as the asinine idiosyncrasies of Oscar  
Wilde are prominent.

"If hell hath no fury like a woman  
scorned," what must that New York  
candy factory have looked when 175 of  
the big armed young women employed  
there centered their angry attentions up-  
on the foreman! "He bossed us around  
too much," the leader of the Amazons  
explained after her cohorts had chased  
the foreman into the street. The fore-  
man, by the way, forgot to return.

Publishers have their grievances as  
well as other people. A representative  
of this class told the New York corre-  
spondent of the Philadelphia Press that  
he found authors difficult persons to deal  
with. Some of them were sharp, and  
drove a hard bargain; others got ad-  
vances on unperformed work, and then  
were reluctant to comply with the terms  
of their agreement; and finally, still  
others are downright dishonest and im-  
pudent, and refuse to do the work that  
they have bargained to perform.

Corporations that disregard the rights  
of the public are getting a set-back now-  
adays. Recently the elevated railroad  
in New York, which had injured a  
man's property without compensation,  
was held accountable. Now Judge Law-  
rence, of New York, holds that if tele-  
graph poles in cities can be proved to  
have caused damages, the suit brought  
to recover cannot be dismissed. The ef-  
fect of his decision will be that persons  
aggrieved may sue telegraph, telephone  
and electric light companies, and recov-  
er damages.

An English diamond merchant is no  
egotiating for the purchase of the famous  
gem known as "The Regent," the  
brightest jewel in the world, and one of  
the French crown jewels. Some century  
and a half ago it was bought from an  
Englishman for £125,000. The price  
now asked for it is nearly four times  
that amount, and the party now bidding  
for it has offered, it is said, £400,000.

For whom he is bidding no one knows,  
but it would be well to watch Mr.  
Gould's shirt front for a few weeks to  
come.

#### Potato Fibers.

Dr. Sturtevant made an examination  
of the depth to which the roots of the  
potato run. A plant was selected which  
grew on a high ridge, the seed having  
been planted six inches deep. A trench  
was dug at the side to expose the soil,  
and the roots were washed with a  
stream of water turned against it, lay-  
ing the fibres bare. One root was found  
reaching thirty-four inches below the  
top of the ridge, or twenty-eight below  
the tubers. The deeper roots appeared  
most fibrous. Very few roots were  
found above the tubers. The soil did  
not allow the tracing of the finest  
roots. This experiment seems to indi-  
cate the importance of a deep soil for  
the potato, an indication which repeat-  
ed experiments fully corroborate, and  
in very dry seasons the crop on deeply  
trenched soils has been more than  
double the product on ground plowed  
at common depths, and both equally  
fertile.

A white man not long since sued a  
black man in one of our courts, and  
while the trial was before the judge the  
litigants came to an amicable settle-  
ment, and so the counsel stated to the  
court. "A verbal settlement will not  
answer," replied the judge; "it must be  
in writing." "Here is the agreement in  
black and white," responded the counsel  
pointing to the reconciled parties; "pray  
what does your Honor want more than

A Fleeting Sketch.  
Ten o'clock:  
Dreary moon:  
Pretty maiden  
Coming soon.

In the hammock  
Young man waits:  
How his heart  
Palpitates.

Now she trips  
O'er the lawn:  
Sweeter maid  
Ne'er was born.

Clear gray eyes,  
Cheeks so fair,  
Rosy lips,  
Soft brown hair.

Coquettish nose,  
Rounded chin:  
Waist just right  
For expiring.

Lucky youth!  
All these charms  
Now are nestled  
In his arms.

Bold young man  
Seeks a boon:  
Passing clouds  
Hide the moon.

Takes advantage,  
Steals a kiss:  
Softly murmuring  
"This is bliss."

Sample proves  
Very good:  
Takes another,  
As he should.

At a recent meeting of the Lime Kiln  
Club Rev. Penstock arose in his usual  
graceful manner and announced that he  
was in receipt of several private letters  
suggesting that the Club form itself in-  
to a military organization and be pre-  
pared to rush to the defense of its coun-  
try in time of peril. The idea struck  
him as 16x24 and he hoped that it would  
prevail.

"In case of such an organization have  
we no right man for a Kurnel?" asked  
the President.

"I—that is—well, I speak I know  
sunthin' 'bout de Kurnel bizness," stam-  
mered Penstock.

"An' so do I!" added thirteen other  
members in chorus.

"Am dar any member in dis hall to-  
night who knows how to be a private  
soldier?" asked the President.

The silence for the next thirty seconds  
could have been knocked down by a  
crowbar.

"De subject am postponed," continued  
Brother Gardner. "Six or seven  
hundred kurnels am no rank an' file  
wouldn't be 'ordin' to either Hardee or  
Hoyte. In case de kentry am placed in  
peril we'll send substitutes."

Eugene Field, the humorous para-  
grapher of the Denver Tribune, is com-  
ing East to grow up with the Cleveland  
Leader.

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plaints, will find it without an equal.

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ment that appears in to-day's paper,  
have reduced the price of their medi-  
cine from one dollar per package to  
fifty cents, and when twelve packages  
are ordered at one time, and five dol-  
lars paid for the same, they issue a  
written guarantee agreeing to refund  
the money if the full course of treat-  
ment fails to effect a cure. We have  
no doubt the Magnetic Medicine will  
have a large sale in every section of  
the country, as few medicines are sold  
at as low a price, and what is especial-  
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